

DELL
COMIC

MARCH-MAY

ZANE GREY'S

10c

KING

of the ROYAL MOUNTED



Indian Masks



The wooden mask, shown above, left, is trimmed with cedar bark and feathers, and it represents a "wild man of the mountains." During ceremonial dances, the wearer of this mask often rushes about destroying property in a wild frenzy. Indians of the Northwest carved grotesque likenesses of spirits (above center) who were believed to be ancestors of living families. The Iroquois carved replicas of their masks, above, right, on living trees, so that the actual masks, carved later, would be alive also.



The wooden bird mask, above, left, represents a god which descended to live in the trees and become protector of Comanche Indian families. When worn, the mask is encircled by a ruff of swan feathers and sea lion whiskers. The Seneca Indian mask, upper center, on the other hand, is intended to create fearful respect for the hideous floating head of a malevolent spirit. The leering mask, upper right, is actually a wooden helmet, carefully carved in the exact likeness of its wearer, who suffered from partial facial paralysis. Such helmets were worn with wood-and-hide armor by Indians of the Pacific Northwest for hand-to-hand fighting. Most tribes of the Northwest believe all living creatures have spirits within themselves which can come forth at will to do good or evil. Masks such as these, are believed to control these spirits, preventing them from doing evil.

ZANE GREY'S

KING

OF THE **ROYAL MOUNTED**

BEARDS THE RED LION







CAMPED FOR THE NIGHT, KING REVIEWS HIS SCANTY FACTS.

ROGER MOULLET'S NOTE MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF MANY THAT HE HAD IN HOLLOW GUILLS AND TIED TO THE LEGS OF TRAPPED DUCKS.



BUT, EVEN SO, IT WAS ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED THOUSAND THAT ONE OF THEM WOULD BE FOUND! LIKE PUTTING A NOTE INTO A BOTTLE AND TossING IT INTO THE SEA, A THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND! AND WHO IS THE "RED LION"? AN INDIAN? PROBABLY.



THAT MOUNTAIN LION MOVES DOWN FROM THE LEDGES TO INVESTIGATE THE FLU TENT. BUT A CHANCEFUL BREEZE — — —



— — — BETRAYS THE RED CAT'S PRESENCE TO KING'S KEEN NOSED COMPANION! THE WIND-SCENT BRINGS MATCHING HOWLS FROM THE THROATS OF TWO AND EATTLE.



— — — AND THE TANNY MARAUDER RETREATS, WITH A SHOUT OF "PHTTT!"

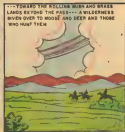
THE NEXT DAY



CATLE COULD HAVE BEEN OWNED UP THROUGH THIS PASS — — — AND EVEN AFTER TWO YEARS, THERE MIGHT BE SOME SIGN LEFT.







AND AT DUSK THEY STAND BEFORE A LONELY BLACKHOLE, FACING A GIANT IN RED SKINS.

WELL! HOW MANY MOOSE
HAVE YOU BROUGHT BACK
FOR THE MEAT CELLAR?
IS THERE SKULL GUM?

WE BRING
NEWS --
HOT MEAT,
RED LION!

RED COAT --- FLICE MAN --- COME
THROUGH PASS, WITH TWO CORBS! HE
SAY HE BRING WORD FROM GREAT WHITE
MOTHER FOR RED LION! WE TRY STOP
HIM, BUT RED COAT'S BORN-MEDICINE
100 STRONG FOR US! YOU
SAY WILL --- THEN WE
SHOOT HIM FROM BUSH.



UNWELL! I WANT RED COAT
STOPPED --- BUT NOT WITH
BULLETS! TRY TO LEAD
HIM INTO A SNARE ---
ON SCARE HIM OFF! ON
WARD, TRAILS FOLLOWING
TO FOLLOW THAT WILL
LEAD HIM ANYWHERE
BUT HERE! AND LET
ME KNOW WHAT
HAPPENS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY

PERHAPS THOSE HORSE
NEVER THOUGHT OF MY SOON
TRAILING THEIR HORSES BY
SCENT! BUT THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE GOING! EH, BOYS?



THEY KNOW WHAT I MEANT WHEN I MENTIONED THE "RED
LION"! WHOEVER HE IS, THEY'LL PROBABLY LEAD ME
STRAIGHT TO HIM AND THEN I'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE MOLLET PARTY!



MANY TRACKS --- OF THE SAME
HORSES! THEY'VE COME BACK
TO CONFUSE THEIR TRAIL,
BOYS! CLEVER!

WIT!
WELL-GUPT!



THE SUN IS STILL HIGH, WHEN KING AND HIS DOGS
RUN INTO DIFFICULTIES.



I WONDER WHAT THEIR NEXT TRICK WILL BE? THE RED UGR SEEMS TO HAVE FRIENDS WHO WILL DO ANYTHING TO KEEP A POLICEMAN FROM FINDING HIM!



BUT WE'LL FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF MOGGINGS ON—ON A NEW TRAP, BATTLE!



SOUNDS LIKE A MAN IN ADORE—SOMEWHERE AHEAD! WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND AND SEE



WHILE KINE AND HIS DOGS CIRCLE TO AVOID A SUSPECTED AMBUSH, AN INDIAN RANGES HEAD DOWN FROM THE HOODE OF A POWERFUL DEER SHARK? HE CRIES FOR HELP HAVE BROUGHT ONLY THE PROMISE OF A QUICKER DEATH!



SURE NOW THAT HIS HUMAN PREY IS HELPLESS, THE WOLF LEAPS IN FOR THE KILL. HIS MATE BOUNCES FORWARD—

WITH KILLING STRENGTH, THE MAN GRAPPLES THE BEAST, TRYING TO DRIVE HOME HIS KNIFE. IT'S BETTER THAN ACCEPTING DEATH LIKE A RABBIT—



AT 'EM, YU—BATTLE!



AT THAT MOMENT KINE'S PISTOL SPEARS TWICE!



THE DOG WOLF FALLS, KICKING—AS RUN AND BATTLE MAKE FOR ITS FLEEING MATE!



THE MAN'S PAINTED
AND NO WONDER!



THE ONLY WAY TO LOCATE THE MAN'S
HEAD IS BY

HE IS THE MAN I'VE
BEEN TRAILING! PERHAPS
I CAN GET HIM TO TALK--
WHEN HE COMES BACK
TO HIS BEHEST!



WELL SO YOU'VE WAKED UP AT
LAST! I SAID THE WOLF WHILE
YOU WERE TRYING TO KISS HIM!
YOUR LEFT HAND
WAS PRETTY WELL
RIPPED!

SOME MINUTES LATER, THE HOL-
BATCHER-BO OPENS HIS EYES



RED COAT NO KILL--
--SAVE BLACK HAWK
LIFE! BLACK HAWK
NO FORGET!

RED COAT WANTS
TO TALK WITH
RED LION! DOES
BLACK HAWK KNOW
WHERE RED LION
LIVES?



WHY? RED LION WILL
RED COAT? NO! HE WILL
BLACK HAWK FOR TELL!
BUT BLACK HAWK
FOR TELL!



RED COAT
COME--
I KNOW!

PAIR KNOWN? PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL
ME A LITTLE MORE! WHETHER A YOUNG
WHITE MAN AND WHITE GIRL ARE WITH
RED LION?



BLACK HAWK WILL
NOTHING MORE? RED
LION? "WESKONET" TOO
STRONG? HE FIND OUT
TALK--MARE ALL HOL-
BATCHER-BO SON?

HE CERTAINLY HAS YOU
SUFFA LOSE! I'M MORE THAN
EVEN ABLE TO MEET
THE MAN!

FOUR HOURS--AND TEN OR TWELVE MILES FROM THE DEER SNARE---

"YOU'RE HORSE
IN ROCK WALL?
HOL-GATCH-RO
VILLAGE ON OTHER
SIDE? RED LION
HOUSE, OTHER
SIDE OF
VILLAGE?"

"THANKS,
BLACK
HAWK!"



"BLACK HAWK GO TO HOL-
GATCH-RO VILLAGE NOW
RED COAT CAMP HERE
TILL MORNING? MORE
BETTER RED COAT GO
BACK--NO FUEL WITH
RED LION? WECHINE?"

"I KNOW THAT'S A FRIENDLY
WARNING, BLACK HAWK! BUT
I'LL SEE RED LION BEFORE I
GO BACK! AND HE WON'T
KNOW THAT YOU EVER SPOKE
A WORD TO ME!"



"TOMORROW WE'LL LEAVE THE HUP
TENT CACHED HERE WITH ALL BUT A
FEW OF OUR SUPPLIES! AND TONIGHT
WE'LL SLEEP WITH BOTH EARS OPEN!"

AS DARKNESS FALLS, KING CRAWLS INTO HIS LIGHT
SLEEPING BAG, WITH HIS GOES LYING
NEARBY, ALERT FOR DANGER.



THE
NEXT
DAY---

"WE'LL CLIMB THIS WOODED GRAB
THAT GIVES COVER ALMOST TO THE
TOP OF THE RED BUTTE! IF WE CAN
GET OVER THE TOP, WITHOUT GOING
NEAR THE HUPCH, WE'LL GOODE
TROUBLE FOR A WHILE."



EMERGING FROM THE TREES, KING FINDS A
ROUGH "CORNER" TO THE TOP

"THE REST OF THE WAY UP
WILL BE TOUGH FOR YOU, TOO
AND BATTLE--BUT I THINK,
WITH MY HELP, YOU CAN
MAKE IT!"







HEP RED LYONS HAS NO RIGHT TO DETAIN YOU
AND YOUR SISTER--- OR YOUR CATTLE---
AGAINST YOUR WILL! I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH
HIM--AFTER I'VE SCOUTED HIS PRIVATE WALLET
A LITTLE MORE!



DON'T MENTION MY
PRESENCE HERE, ROGER---
UNTIL YOU SEE ME AGAIN!
COME TON---AND BATTLE!

PLEASE, SOMEONE TELL HIM---
LOOK OUT THAT LYONS
OR HE'VE BRILL DON'T
GHOST YOU--- IN THE
BACK!



JUST BEFORE DARK, THAT EVENING---

WELL, DOES--- WE'VE BEEN ALL THAT
WE NEED TO, OF RED LYONS'S SPREAD---
FROM THE OUTSIDE! NOW, YOU WAIT
--- AND GUARD MY PASS---TILL
I GET BACK! UNDERSTAND?

SEE YOU?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

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WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?

WELL, DOES?



I'M BEING WATCHED
FROM THE TWO BRACKS!



AT DUSK, LYONS OPENS THE GATE SURROUNDING THE
LOS BLOOMHOUSE.

A BOLD APPROACH IS MY
ONLY CHANCE! TO BE CAUGHT
BREAKING UP WOULD ONLY
GET ME A BULLET BETWEEN
THE SHOULDERS!



WALK IN, MOUNTIE AND DON'T
TURN AROUND TOO SOON!

THANK YOU--
LYONS!













ALL RIGHT! SADDLE
THE HORSES BEFORE
SUNSET! I'M TAKIN'
THE RED COAT AND
PLASTER! ---
PUTTIN' HIM ON
THE TRAIL FOR
"ONE" I SAY!!

USH! HE
SAVVY! MUCH
MUCKER BOB
ON TRAIL!
NEEDS SO RED
COAT NO FING-ON
BOTTOM!



YOU COME RED--- NO LISTEN!
HIS EARS SO GO FOR MOOSE
COW--- NOT FOR RED LION
SQUAW!

OWH! I'M NOT
HIS SQUAW PET---
AND I'LL NEVER
BE!



A MOUNTIE! COME TO RESCUE RED
AND ME! RED LIONS WILL KILL HIM
NOW! OH, IF THERE WERE ONLY
SOMETHING (SOS!)--- SOMETHING
I COULD DO!

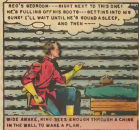
SO SLEEP!
FORGET RED COAT
YOU MAKE NOISE
RED LION GIVE UM
BEATING!



OWH! THAT "MICKY"
FINN! I FOUND HIM SO!
THE THREE--- LIKE IT DID
FOR PARKS AND MOLLY!
I'LL DROP HIM INTO THE
SAND BOX WHERE I PUT
THEM, TWO YEARS
AGO--- RIGHT! YEAH!



BEFORE I'LL CALL IT A DAY AND
TURNING SET TO GET THE
MOUNTIE OUT OF HERE BEFORE
THE "MICKY FINN" WEARS
OFF TOO MUCH!



RED'S BEDROOM--- RIGHT NEXT TO THE ONLY
HE'S PULLING OFF HIS BOOTS--- GETTING INTO HIS
SUNDY! I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE'S ROUNDASLEEP,
AND THEN---

WIDE AWAKE, HINT SEES THROUGH A CRACK
IN THE WALL TO MAKE A PLAN.



WITH THE HELP OF HIS KNIFE, KING DIGS DOWN THROUGH THE HARD-FACED BARTS OF THE FLOOR, UNTIL











